Lincoln

1809-1909

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"Not without thy wondrous story,
Illinois, Illinois,
Can be writ the Nation's glory,
Illinois."

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

CELEBRATION

OF THE

One Hundreth Anniversary of the Birth of

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

By the Springfield Chapter, Daughters of the
American Revolution.

SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS
FEBRUARY 12, 1909

Celebration of the One Hundredth Anniversary of the Birth of Abraham Lincoln.

The Springfield Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, has, for the last seven years, met at the old Lincoln Home upon the anniversary of his birth. Steps were taken one year ago looking toward the approaching centennial of the birth of Abraham Lincoln, which now becomes historic. Active work was commenced early in the year; a Committee of Arrangements, consisting of the *Regent,* Mrs. Edwin S. Walker; Mrs. Benjamin H. Ferguson, Mrs. Charles V. Hickox, and Mrs. Susan Lawrence Dana, entered enthusiastically upon the discharge of its duties. Plans adopted embraced a reception at the Lincoln Home, between the hours of 5 and 7 o'clock p. m., and a banquet following later, at the rooms of the Young Men's Christian Association. The Committee on Invitation, consisting of Mrs. Charles V. Hickox, Mrs. John M. Palmer, Mrs. Benjamin H. Ferguson, Mrs. Harriet R. Taylor, Mrs. Jessie Palmer Weber, Mrs. George F. Stericker, Mrs. Henry Davis, Mrs. Charles H. Thacher, and Miss Mary Humphrey, issued four hundred invitations for the reception, to prominent members of the National Society Daughters of the American Revolution; to the members of the local Chapter Sons of the American Revolution; to the Board of Directors of the State Historical Society; to the ladies of the Soldiers' Aid Society, and to distinguished citizens of this and other states. Among regrets received were two from among the founders of the National Society, Mrs. Ellen Hardin Walworth, daughter of Hon. John J. Hardin,

of Illinois, and Mrs. Mary S. Lockwood. Mrs. Walworth wrote: "My thoughts will be with you on that great and interesting occasion." Mrs. Lockwood said: "There are many reasons why I would be glad to be with you were it possible. First, to add one unit toward glorifying the name of the saviour of our Republic. I am rejoiced to see that the country at large is alive to the commemoration of this notable event. Had it not been for Abraham Lincoln and the patriotic work of his day the Daughters of the American Revolution would have little reason for having place in our Republic today." From North Carolina came the message: "It would be a delightful pleasure to be with you, and, though absent, I shall in spirit unite with you in your patriotic observance of the day, honoring the memory of the distinguished American." Another Southern state sent greetings and regrets: "It is gratifying to know that the Daughters of the American Revolution propose to honor the memory of Abraham Lincoln, one of the great men of the world."

Regrets were also received from President and Mrs. Roosevelt; President-elect and Mrs. Taft; Hon. and Mrs. Shelby M. Cullom, Hon. and Mrs. A. J. Hopkins, Hon. and Mrs. Richard Yates, Hon. and Mrs. J. W. Fifer, Mrs. John A. Logan, Mrs. John Hay, Miss Helen Nicolay, Mr. Horace White and many others.

The Reception at the Lincoln Home.

The Lincoln Home needed no other setting for that memorable occasion than the many, now priceless, relics of the olden times. Standing within its portals, the chasm of years seemed spanned, and one almost expected to see the living, breathing Lincoln, so great was the atmosphere of reality. Here mingled men and women of the present generation, with

many who had known and honored Abraham Lincoln in earlier days.

Receiving the guests were Mrs. Walker, Chapter Regent, who, as hostess of the Chapter, presented the guests to Mrs. A. S. Edwards, hostess of the Lincoln Home; Mrs. Robert T. Lincoln, Mrs. Charles S. Deneen, Mrs. Donald McLean, of New York, President General of the National Society; Mrs. Charles V. Hickox, State Regent of Illinois; Mrs. William J. Bryan, Mrs. Matthew T. Scott, former Vice-President General; Mrs. Wallace Delafield, Vice-President General of Missouri, and Mrs. Samuel McKnight Green, State Regent of Missouri. The assisting hostesses were: Mesdames B. H. Ferguson, Harris Hickox, Jessie Palmer Weber, Susan Lawrence Dana, Henry Davis, Arthur Prince, J. H. Paddock, and Malinda Weber Weeks.

Nearly the entire membership of the Springfield Chapter was present, and aided in welcoming the distinguished guests. From the Bloomington Chapter were Mrs. Matthew T. Scott, Mrs. Isaac Funk, and Mrs. Northrop; from Decatur were the Regent, Mrs. Frank C. Roach, and Mrs. H. H. Crea; Mrs. G. W. Edmonson, Regent of Clinton Chapter; from Lincoln were Miss Anna Pegram, the Regent; Mrs. Catherine Gillett Hill, Miss Jessie Gillett, Mrs. David Gillespie, and Mrs. Eva Huntoon; from Jacksonville were the State Secretary, Mrs. Anne C. Dickson; the Regent, Mrs. Mabel B. Waddell, and Mesdames Crabtree, Black, Mills, Alkire, Sharp, Weir, and the Misses Wilson, Doyle, and Epler.

Among other guests were Mrs. Jacob Klein, of St. Louis, Mo.; Mrs. A. G. Briggs, of St. Paul, Minn.; Mrs. H. B. Sparks, of Alton; Mrs. Richard J. Oglesby, of Elkhart; Mrs. Eustace Shaw, of Dixon; Miss Virginia Roby, of Chicago; Miss Woodward, of Middletown, N. Y.; Mrs. Fannie Lyford Griffith, of Omaha, Neb., and Mrs. Mary Dennis, of Providence,

R. I., who had journeyed this long distance to celebrate her seventy-first birthday anniversary in the home of Lincoln.

Arriving soon after 5 o'clock were the distinguished visitors, His Excellency, Mr. J. J. Jusserand, the French ambassador; the Right Honorable James Bryce, the British ambassador; Hon. J. P. Dolliver, of Iowa, and the Hon. William Jennings Bryan. Accompanying these gentlemen were Governor Charles S. Deneen (who presented the guests to the receiving ladies), Hon. James Harlan, of the Inter-State Commerce Commission; Hon. William Phillips, Assistant Secretary of State; Hon. Charles Henry Butler, Clerk of the United States Supreme Court, and Hon. William Barrett Ridgely, all of Washington, D. C.; Hon. Luther E. Smith, Hon. W. M. Hough, Judge Jacob Klein, of St. Louis, Mo.; Judge William E. Seaman, of Wisconsin; Judge Peter S. Grosscup, of Chicago; Judge J Otis Humphrey, Hon. Andrew Russel, Hon. J. S. McCullough, Hon. Francis G. Blair, Dr. William Jayne, a close friend of Lincoln; Hon. John W. Bunn, Major Bluford Wilson, Hon. Logan Hay, Mr. Stuart Brown, Mr. William Butler, Mr. Edgar S. Scott, and members of the local Chapter, Sons of the American Revolution.

Mrs. Walker, Introducing the French Ambassador:

"In behalf of, and representing the Springfield Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution, it is my pleasure to extend to you, gentlemen, our distinguished guests, a most cordial welcome to this historic home, upon the celebration of the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of Abraham Lincoln. We are especially honored by the presence of his Excellency, Mr. J. J. Jusserand, the Ambassador from France, the worthy successor, in the esteem of the American people, of LaFayette."

Ambassador Jusserand:

"On such an occasion as this it at once occurs to each mind the subject of the two great crises which occurred in American history, and the two great men which were given from birth to aid the American nation—Washington and Lincoln. Between these two great men there are many connecting links—the love of country, love of duty, the desire to help, and success in helping.

"I may say that, to the Daughters of the American Revolution, we owe the preservation of the things that make us realize how they lived. To them credit is due for the preservation of the memorials at Mt. Vernon and Lincoln's home at Springfield.

"Among the few books that Lincoln could secure when he was living in the woods, learning from them what duty was, what activity was, one of these was the 'Life of Washington,' and this very book, according to an anecdote that is said to be absolutely true, cost him three days of hard work, because he had placed it in a space between two logs, and it was thought lost. In that book he read for the first time of what Washington had done for his country, and of LaFayette. I want to say of LaFayette, and in the presence of my illustrious friend, the British ambassador, because he feels exactly as I do, that he had such a fine mind.

"He was an ideal friend and an ideal enemy. He was a generous man. He showed his generosity and his feeling for America from the first.

"Long before he came to America he went to visit his father in London, who was then French ambassador in London.

"He was asked to go to Portsmouth to see the great ships that were building, and, knowing that they were to be used to fight the insurgents, as they were called, refused to go.

"This house is particularly sacred to all those who have a feeling for family life. It is here that he lived with the woman who so admired him, because she discovered that his heart was as great as his arms were long.

"I want to thank you, and it is a great honor for me to extend my thanks, for the reception here this afternoon."

Introducing Ambassador Bryce:

"The Daughters of the American Revolution are not unmindful of the fact that one of the most complete and impartial histories of the Revolutionary war is the recent production of an English author, Sir George Trevelyan; they also remember, with pleasure, that they are honored today by the presence of the celebrated author of that unexcelled commentary on our Constitution. 'The American Commonwealth.' I have the honor of introducing his Excellency, the British Ambassador."

Ambassador Bryce, with deep feeling, spoke as follows:

"*Ladies and Gentlemen*: I had not the faintest idea, when I incautiously entered this town, that I was going to be asked to deliver three speeches—one of which I have already delivered; one I have not, and this which I am trying to deliver now. Should my remarks lack fluent words and skill, the charge must be laid upon the sex that put up this device to snare a careless man.

"Nevertheless, I think that any one would be very insensate who would not feel inspired by the associations of this house, and the emotions with which the dwelling of the immortal Lincoln filled his breast. We are apt to think of the great men of the past as the great heroes pictured in history, and not as ordinary men like ourselves. We are apt

to forget that they, too, were tried by the humble duties of everyday life, and to recall only those deeds and services which have made their names immortal. I am glad to know the feelings of the people of the State of Illinois; to know that they honor and revere the name of Abraham Lincoln.

"It is a moving thought for us that that great, noble soul should have dwelt here; that he should have passed in and out of these doors, and that here he must have sat many hours, revolving in his mind those thoughts which were to prove the salvation of his country. In the great struggle of the Civil war, inspiration, called forth by the love of his country, told him what to do, and gave him the courage to do that which did prove the nation's salvation.

"It strikes me as astounding that the people of New England and the other Northern states should have realized the extent of this trouble, and felt that they were called upon as liberators to abolish that great iniquity in their own time; that they should have heard the call of freedom to take up arms against the slave-trade. But sometimes, nevertheless, I have wondered if the war would have been successful without the aid of the Robert Morrises and the loyal people of the North, who gave of their substance to the great cause, freely and unstintedly. So, I wonder whether the liberation of the slave and the safe salvation of the Union to freedom would have been accomplished without the aid of those faithful souls. And, among these, women were conspicuous. It was during the war that momentous services were rendered by the Northern women who came down to the South, and nothing, we say, was more potent and more blessed than the work that the Northern women did when they came down to teach the negro.

"One thing more deserves to be forever recognized as a powerful factor in the preservation of the

Union to freedom, and the extinction of slavery. That one force was a book, and that book was written by a woman. I remember, as a child, the impression made all over England and Scotland by 'Uncle Tom's Cabin.' It was the most talked of book for months, after its appearance, that I can recall. There is nothing like it in my memory.

"If we all took up our stand, once for all, on the side of freedom and human liberty in these days, as did the men of the war for the Union, under the lead of Lincoln, so doing would be paying the highest tribute to his memory. I remember that those were days in which ministers of religion acted no unimportant part in the conflict of opposing forces. They realized that "those were days that tried men's souls," so it needed a good deal of force and power; it needed a good deal of powder and ball, to successfully prosecute the great National conflict to its final issue.

"We must give great credit to the Southern women, because they did show great devotion to their cause, whatever the merits of that cause were. I feel, therefore, ladies, that we men should be ungrateful if we did not recognize the great part that the women have played, and the enormous services they rendered to the progress of the human race."

Introducing the President General, of the D. A. R.:

"Mrs. McLean, in response to an invitation of some months ago, comes to Springfield as the honored guest of the Chapter, and to join with us in the celebration of the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of Abraham Lincoln."

"*My Dear Regent and Daughters*: I may first say how delighted I am to be here, and to have the privilege of attending this celebration which the Springfield Chapter of the D. A. R. has arranged in commemoration of the one hundredth anniversary of

the birth of Abraham Lincoln. It gives me great pleasure to listen to the kindly sentiments expressed by the ambassadors of two great countries; to see them come to do honor to the memory of the immortal Lincoln. Your words touch us deeply. I recall the brave LaFayette, and his heroic service in behalf of our country in her hour of need. It was not only LaFayette, but his lovely wife, who sent him. She was only seventeen, and she let him come to us. I recall the love that carried Washington through such hard, such trying experiences.

"I have sat under the spell of eloquence this afternoon; I have been to the tabernacle, and learned there the wonderful power of human eloquence. I am grateful that gifted men should furnish such a treasure to cherish and recall with the flood of years. Believe me, a woman's worship and admiration of man have not diminished. They still exist in the hearts of all true women, for all true manhood!"

Following these brief addresses the guests were escorted to the dining room, where they were met by the ladies in charge, with Mrs. Arthur Huntington, a grand-daughter of Hon. Jesse K. DuBois, a personal friend of Lincoln, as Chairman. The assisting committee were: Miss Helen Allen, Mrs. A. L. Bowen, Mrs. Clayton Barber, Miss Ethelwyn Bradish, Miss Bessie Brinkerhoff, Miss Susan Chenery, Miss M. Frances Chenery, Mrs. W. B. Chittenden, Miss Gertrude Converse, Mrs. E. E. Craft, Misses Ada and Edna Creighton, Mrs. Owen L. Frazee, Mrs. Jay T. French, Mrs. George K. Hall, Mrs. W. G. Harbeson, Mrs. G. L. Harnsberger, Mrs. P. W. Harts, Miss Savillah T. Hinrichsen, Miss Mary Humphrey, Mrs. Roy Ide, Mrs. J. R. Lieb, Mrs. G. A. Lochman, Miss Eleanor Matheny, Mrs. W. J. Millar, Mrs. Lewis Miner, Mrs. Elmer A. Perry, Miss Nellie Sattley, Mrs. E. A. Snively, Miss Cordelia Stanton, and Mrs. W. A. Starne.

The decorations and appointments of the dining room were in keeping with the period in which Lincoln lived. The silver, table linen, glass and china were used by Mrs. Lincoln, but now are treasured heirlooms, belonging to the Lincoln or Edwards families, or their intimate friends. The table cloth was the one used at the wedding supper of Abraham Lincoln and his bride. The bowl from which ice cream was served belonged to Mrs. Ward Lamon, daughter of the late Judge Stephen T. Logan; almonds, filberts, and raisins were served from a silver dish, now belonging to Mrs. B. H. Ferguson; from the epergne, and high lattice-work dishes, oranges, apples, and grapes were seen, while coffee was served from the urn once used by Mrs. Lincoln. The candelabra belonged to the Lincoln and DuBois families. On the sideboard were placed the old-fashioned cakes of sixty years ago, and from this same sideboard was cake served at the time of the wedding supper.

The decorations were of smilax, heliotrope, and mignonette, with old-fashioned flat bouquets, so much in style in the sixties. About the large picture of Lincoln were the palm and oak leaves, symbolic of victory and peace.

Before leaving the Home, Ambassadors Bryce and Jusserand, Mr. Bryan, and Senator Dolliver were each presented with a small box, containing a block of walnut wood, in the rough, bearing a medallion of Lincoln. Each box was enclosed in a suitable leather covered case, bearing, in gold letters, the name of the recipient and the date of presentation. The presentation was made by Mrs. Mary Edwards Brown, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edwards, of the Lincoln Home, and grand-daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ninian W. Edwards, at whose home in this city Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln were married.

The Banquet.

From the formal reception the members of the Chapter and their guests proceeded to the banquet hall of the Young Men's Christian Association, located two blocks distant, where they were received by a committee of ladies, with Mrs. Harris Hickox as Chairman. Assisting were: Mrs. B. W. Brown, Mrs. Edwin Beggs, Miss Mary Brooks, Mrs. James A. Creighton, Miss Gertrude Converse, Mrs. George Day, Mrs. Isaac Diller, Mrs. Frank Fisher, Mrs. Frank Godley, Mrs. J. H. Holbrook, Mrs. James T. Jones, Mrs. Caroline M. B. Kane, Mrs. George Leaverton, Mrs. C. J. Lumpkin, Mrs. S. Mendenhall, Mrs. J. F. Miller, Mrs. J. H. Paddock, Mrs. James E. Power, Mrs. Arthur Prince, Mrs. J. I. Rinaker, Mrs. C. A. Roosa, Miss Olive Sattley, Mrs. G. Clinton Smith, Mrs. Harriet Taylor, and Mrs. C. H. Thacher.

The interior of the dining room was handsomely decorated for the occasion, as was the main reception hall. Flags and bunting were used in profusion, in carrying out the scheme of decoration. The committee, consisting of Mesdames Ferguson, Mendenhall, Diller, Prince, Power, Hall, and Miner, assisted by Messrs. Thomas Condell and John Graham, seemed to catch the spirit of patriotism in their work of decoration. Immediately back of the table at which the guests of honor were seated were hung three portraits of Lincoln, backed by four large, and two small American flags; the center picture was framed on either side by sword palms, while above was placed a golden eagle with outspread wings, all emblematic of the supremacy of a Nation and a State. Under the picture was a large bouquet of lilies and roses, a tribute of respect to our two foreign ambassadors, the "lilies of France and the rose of England." Between the large flags on the north wall were two shields, one bearing the inscription, "With malice toward none," and the other, "With

charity for all." The columns in the main portion of the hall were wound with smilax, while the tables were bright with hundreds of red carnations. Ten tables were arranged, and plates laid for 130 guests. The distinguished guests seated at the center table rendered it at once of such historic interest as could never be duplicated in the State of Illinois. In addition to the guests of honor, Mrs. Deneen, Mrs. McLean, Mrs. Bryan, Mrs. Scott, Mrs. Delafield, Mrs. Green, and Mrs. Hickox, were: Mrs. Rhoda Bissell Thomas, daugher of former Governor Bissell; Mesdames Richard Oglesby, and John R. Tanner, wives of former Illinois Governors; Mrs. Alice Edwards Ferguson, grand-daughter of Ninian Edwards, United States Senator, the first Territorial Governor, later Governor of the State. Miss Hannah Stuart, daughter of Hon. John T. Stuart, Member of Congress, and partner of Mr. Lincoln, was absent on account of illness; Mrs. Anne C. Dickson, State Secretary of Illinois Daughters; Mrs. Jessie Palmer Weber, daughter of Gen. John M. Palmer, who was, after the war, made Governor and later United States Senator; Mrs. John M. Palmer, the widow of General Palmer, was absent from the city; Mrs. James A. Rose, wife of the Secretary of State; Mrs. A. S. Edwards, hostess of the Lincoln Home; Mrs. Edward D. Keys, a niece of Mrs. Lincoln, and Miss Humphrey, daughter of Judge Humphrey. The remaining tables were presided over by Mrs. Harris Hickox, Mrs. Susan Lawrence Dana, Mrs. Arthur Huntington, Mrs. George K. Hall, Mrs. Isaac Diller, Mrs. P. W. Harts, Mrs. Harriet Taylor, Mrs. Arthur Prince, Mrs. W. A. Starne, Miss Ada Creighton, Miss Gertrude Converse, Mrs. E. A. Snively, Mrs. J. I. Rinaker, Mrs. Elmer Perry, Mrs. Frank Godley, Mrs. G. A. Lockman, Mrs. W. J. Millar, and Mrs. C. A. Roosa.

Rarely, if ever, has the Capital City of Illinois been the scene of so brilliant a social function. A kaleidoscopic picture of surpassing beauty, bewildering in variety of color, magnificent in display of rare and costly laces and jewels, seen by the light of innumerable candles, furnished a setting for the banquet hall at once resplendent and charming. Each guest was furnished with an appropriate place card, adorned with a fine vignette engraved portrait of Lincoln, encircled with laurel; below was the name of the guest, done in old English script, and the significant dates, 1809-1909, the artistic work of Mr. Arthur Huntington.

To these were added souvenir booklets for each guest, the gift of Miss M. Frances Chenery, a member of the Chapter. On one page was seen a cut of the birthplace of Mr. Lincoln; on another, that of the home from which he went forth to fulfil the great destiny which awaited him. Pressed flowers, such as had once grown near his monument in "Oak Ridge," added a most artistic touch to the souvenir.

Following the invocation offered by Mrs. Charles S. Deneen, the entire assemblage, standing, joined in singing the National Hymn, "America," led by the orchestra.

Invocation.

"We thank Thee, O, Lord, that we are privileged to meet today in loving memory of Abraham Lincoln. Incline our hearts to be as staunch and true as was his, alike in prosperity or adversity. Give us the same gentleness of spirit that characterized his whole life, and give us that sublime faith which was his. We ask Thy blessing upon these provisions of Thy hand, of which we are about to partake, and Thy benediction upon all who are present here tonight. Amen."

At the conclusion of the banquet, as "Mistress of

Toasts,'' Mrs. Edwin S. Walker welcomed the guests present, and introduced the speakers, as follows:

''The one regret which is mine to-night is that I am not a native of this great State of Illinois.

It has been well said that the only difference between Illinois and Vermont, is that Illinois is a great big state, while Vermont is a great little state.

The real daughter, to 'the manner born,' of the great little state of Vermont, which was ever loyal to Lincoln, and an adopted daughter of the great big state, in the name of the Springfield Chapter Daughters of the American Revolution, extends a cordial welcome to you, our visiting guests, to the Capital City of Illinois.

It is not alone a welcome to the Capital City, but to the home city of him whose one hundredth birthday we commemorate to-night; the city which Abraham Lincoln loved, who, forty-eight years ago yesterday, gave expression to his feeling in those never to be forgotten farewell words:

''To this place and the kindness of these people I owe everything. Here I have lived a quarter of a century, and have passed from a young to an old man. Here my children have been born, and one is buried. I bid you an affectionate farewell.''

Alas, they proved to be his farewell utterances to the friends of many years.

Each year, as the Daughters of the American Revolution enter the doors of Lincoln's old home, something akin to awe comes over us. There his feet once trod those floors; his hands once touched so many, now priceless, relics, and his voice echoed within those walls.

As Daughters of the American Revolution, we cherish a pardonable pride in the 'Home City' of Lincoln.

Listen to the roll call of her ilustrious statesmen and heroes.

An Edwards; a Bissell; a Yates; a Douglas; a Logan; a Stuart; an Oglesby; a Trumbull; a Palmer; a Grant—all speak eloquently of the past. As we stand where granite and bronze tell the life story, and commemorate the fame of one whose memory is enshrined in all our hearts, the benediction of him, whom Lowell so fittingly, in his 'Commemoration Ode,' characterized as the 'First American,' will rest upon us.

As long as our nation shall endure, all organizations, which have for their object the promotion of patriotism, shall feel the unspoken blessing of the martyred Lincoln, whose name will ever lead the silent, unseen phalanx of Springfield's heroes.

We are led to think to-night of the lowly place where, many centuries ago, the Christ child was born; the time when the morning stars first sang together—when the wise men, led by the star of Bethlehem, brought gifts of gold, frankincense, and myrrh to the feet of Him who had come to be the Saviour of the world. So, to-night, we are carried back in imagination to the humble home where Lincoln first saw the light of day, and we would bring, on this one hundredth anniversary of Abraham Lincoln's birth, gifts of praise and thanksgiving to the memory of him who was the saviour of this nation.

"One name alone, above all others stands,
A hundred years has stood the crucial test,
Of famous men of ours, or other lands,
Abraham Lincoln, is the name most blessed.
Abraham Lincoln—how the welkin rings
With plaudits for this nation-treasured name;
Recurring birthdays the remembrance brings
Of deeds heroic that proclaim his fame."

After announcing the regrets of Mrs. Charles H. Deere, Vice-President General of Illinois, Mrs. Hickox was introduced, who, though a member of

the Springfield Chapter, is tonight our honored guest, the State Regent of Illinois, from whom I am sure we shall all be delighted to hear. We hope she will tell something of Lincoln's fondness for children.

Greetings from Mrs. Hickox:

Madam Toast Mistress, President General, Distinguished Guests, and Daughters of the American Revolution:

When our Chapter Regent referred, a moment ago, to Lincoln's love for children I felt that I was most fortunate in having as a treasured recollection the fact that, as Lincoln was leaving our home, after an entertainment, given in his honor by my parents, he took me, a little child, in his arms, fondly, and spoke a few words to me in his gentle way. While I cannot recall the words, the act and the thought will ever be remembered.

It is, indeed, a pleasure for me to welcome you, our beloved President General, our honored guests and Daughters, to the capital of the great State of Illinois.

Today, Madam President General, will ever be a memorable one in the annals of the Illinois Daughters, and, as the Regent of this great 'Prairie State,' speaking for the 3,000 Daughters whom it is my privilege to represent, I rejoice that you are with us. From your able leadership comes much of our inspiration, and we owe you our heartfelt thanks and appreciation for the magnificent work accomplished by you. Rarely, if ever, has such a record been made, and your name will always be indissolubly connected with that great monument, now so near completion, Memorial Continental Hall. Our Chapter has been looking forward to this day with such pleasant anticipation, and our one regret is that we are to have you with us for so short a time.

While we tell with pride that this is the third state in the Union in point of population; third in wealth, and contains the third largest city on the continent, we realize that, above all these possessions, the fact that gives our State and its capital world-wide renown, is that it was the home of Abraham Lincoln. We have just come from the hallowed walls of his old home, where we have paid tribute to his memory. Throughout the land, in city and hamlet, a whole nation will seek to honor his memory to-day, and if there is aught in association, how much more should this Chapter, the representative of one of the grandest patriotic organizations in existence, seek to contribute to this universal paean of praise? We do so, enthusiastically, because the mission of the Daughters is, largely, to promote true patriotism; because we endeavor in every way to encourage the celebration of all patriotic anniversaries, and because both Mr. Lincoln and his wife, Mary Todd Lincoln, were eligible to membership in our organization, as they were both lineal descendants of patriots of the Revolution. Again, we try to preserve the records of individual service, and, with this end in view, our State Historian, your honored Chapter Regent, has requested every Chapter to send a report of their Lincoln Centennial exercises to her, from which will be compiled a volume unique with its personal recollections. By a remarkable coincidence, the semi-centennial of the famous debates between the 'Railsplitter' and the 'Little Giant' preceded this centennial only a few months, and at that time, I am happy to say that the D. A. R. of Illinois again proved their loyalty. The Illini Chapter placed a huge boulder to mark the scene of the first debate in Ottawa. At Knoxville, the Chapter placed a tablet to recall the fact that Lincoln rested at the Hebard House over night on his way to Galesburg, and, at that time, addressed the people. Princeton,

too, has placed a boulder to recall the debate which took place there. Decatur Chapter has marked, with boulder and tablet, the first home of Lincoln in Illinois, and acquired and restored the old log cabin where Lincoln tried cases in Court, and are using it as a Chapter house.

Thus have we proved that, while we dwell with pride upon

> "Ancestry, a gallant, Christian race,
> Pattern of every virtue, every grace,"

yet our special objects are most noble, and, as with all our hearts' devotion, we desire to honor the memory of our immortal Lincoln, I foretell that ere long the different Illinois Chapters will have shown their gratitude to this 'Master of men' by marking every spot connected with the important steps in his life, that they may teach patriotism to the youth of today by recalling the thought, word and deed of the martyred President.

Introducing Mrs. Scott:

"Kentucky is a remarkable state. We have all heard of the famous blue-grass region, and had come to believe that one born outside of that paradise park must have been of plebeian ancestry, but latterly this blue-grass country has come to cover the entire state. It is fitting that an illustrious daughter of the original blue-grass portion of Kentucky should speak of her greatest countryman—'Lincoln.'

Ladies, as coming events cast their shadows before, I am presenting to you our next President General of the Daughters of the American Revolution, Mrs. Matthew T. Scott.

Mrs. Scott's Address.

Madam President General, Madam State Regent, Madam Chapter Regent and Ladies:

Many of you know my rooted aversion to being called on to make a few remarks. At the mere suggestion I have a sort of fellow feeling with the mountaineer in Kentucky, who had to settle up his father's estate of about $1,000. As he was jogging along on his mule through the mud, on his way to the old court house, again to try to wind up affairs, he was heard gloomily muttering to himself, 'I almost wish pap hadn't 'a died.'

Now, I cannot say I almost wish I had not been summoned to this wonderful gathering just on account of a remark or two—for I cannot conceive of anything more inspiring; more appealing; more quickening to the highest in us, than this spontaneous outpouring of the multitude who all over this land to-day, by one common impulse, with flower and speech, and song, honor the memory of the kindly, good man, the great, far-seeing statesman, the heroic soul, who finished his course with the martyr's crown.

Your committee having invited the distinguished and eloquent President General of the Daughters of the American Revolution to represent the east, and the first lady of the west, whom several millions of us had devoutly hoped and prayed to see, the first lady of the land—to speak for this great section—which may in truth be called Lincoln's own country, an humble Kentuckian is honored, whose pride and distinction is that she was born in the same state as Abraham Lincoln, all her ancestors and his people belonging to that part of the country south of Mason and Dixon's line, which lost most and suffered most cruelly by Mr. Lincoln's tragic death—for this great President was in truth the 'Great Pacificator.'

I was asked some time ago to furnish some reminiscences of Mr. Lincoln, culled from the lips or pen of others who had known him well. Failing in this, I turned to his second inaugural address, and there read words, paralleled only by those of Him who spake as never man spake.

When, in the loom of time, have such words been heard above the din of fierce conflict as his sublime utterances but a brief time before his tragic death? 'With malice toward none; with charity for all; with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in; to bind up the nation's wounds; to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow and his orphan; to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations.'

'To bind up the nation's wounds'—could words more eloquently portray the high, pure soul; the tender nature; the compassion for humanity, that marked this man? 'To bind up the nation's wounds' —his parting benediction to his countrymen—became a sacrament for the ages.

And, now, may I say a word of Lincoln, the Kentuckian? At the great home gathering of Kentucky's scattered children in Louisville, nineteen months ago, upon the 'Greater Kentucky Day,' a day largely given up to eulogy and memorials of Mr. Lincoln, a distinguished son of Kentucky, the orator of the occasion, said of this, the most illustrious of all the sons of this old Commonwealth; a Kentuckian by birth; by adoption an Illinoisan, and at all times, in its grandest conception, an American: 'When I would speak of Abraham Lincoln, I am reminded of the embarrassment of the French orator, Bousset, when he pronounced his matchless eulogy upon the Prince of Conde. Said he: "I find myself equally overwhelmed by

the greatness of the theme and the needlessness of the task. What part of the habitable globe has not heard of the wonders of his life? Everywhere they are rehearsed. His own countrymen, in extolling them, can give no information, even to the stranger.'' Of Lincoln no words can be uttered or withheld that could add to or detract from his imperishable fame. His name is the common heritage of all people and all time.'

Of this untutored Kentucky boy said another distinguished Kentuckian: 'He lived with Nature and learned of her. He toiled, but his toil was never hopeless and degrading. His feet were upon the earth, but the stars, shining in perennial beauty, were ever above him to inspire contemplation. He heard the song of the thrush, and the carol of the lark. He watched the sun in its course. He knew the dim paths of the forest, and his soul was awed by the power of the storm.'

Fortunate, indeed, was it that during the stress of the storm of the early '60s, the ark of our covenant was then borne by the plain, brave man of conciliatory spirit; of kind words, and whose heart —as Emerson has said—'was as large as the world, but nowhere had room for the memory of a wrong.'

Nobler words have never fallen from human lips than the closing sentences of his first inaugural, uttered in one of the pivotal days of human history —immediately upon taking the oath to 'preserve, protect and defend' his country. 'I am loath to close. We are not enemies, but friends. We must not be enemies. Though passion may have strained, it must not break our bonds of affection. The mystic chords of memory, stretching from every battle-field and patriot's grave to every living heart and hearthstone all over this broad land, will yet swell the chorus of the Union, when again touched, as

surely they will be, by the better angels of our nature.'

'I know of no words more fitting,' said Mr. Stevenson, 'with which to close this humble tribute to the memory of Lincoln, than those inscribed upon the monument of Moliere: "Nothing was wanting to his glory; he was wanting to ours."'

At the conclusion of Mrs. Scott's response, the song, "Illinois," was rendered by a double quartette of gentlemen, with Mr. Henry N. Hansen as soloist.

Introducing Mrs. Weber:

"Mrs. Jessie Palmer Weber is the worthy daughter of a distinguished soldier, Governor, and United State Senator, but to-night he is remembered as Gen. John M. Palmer. Mrs. Weber, from the thoroughness of her knowledge of Illinois history, is eminently qualified to speak upon 'The Soldiers of 1861-1865.'

Madam Regent, our Honored Guests and Daughters:

To me is given the honor of speaking a word to you, asking for a thought for the brave defenders of our country—the heroes of the war between the States, the soldiers of 1861-1865.

It has been nearly forty-eight years since the fall of Fort Sumter and the call for troops. Many recurring summers have scattered their blossoms over the countless graves of those heroes who fell in battle in the most stupendous war for liberty that the world has ever known. Every year, in the flood tide of spring, when Decoration Day comes, their praises are sung by millions of their grateful countrymen, and the birds and the bees, and the sunshine and the soft breezes of summer, chant their endless requiem; and nearly half a century of the snows of winter have wrapped their lowly beds in white, and more than

a generation have been born and grown to manhood and womanhood since those awful and fateful days —and still the thought of them and their great deeds thrills us with a love and a veneration beyond all words. In offering a tribute to these brave men, I recognize no rank, no station. I see no stars or shoulder straps. I beg a thought for that grand army, the only condition to our love and reverence being the knowledge that he was a soldier.

When an insulted country heard the menacing boom of cannon, all classes of its citizens rushed to its defense. Husbands left weeping wives and little ones; boys of tender years leapt from their mothers' arms, becoming at their country's call at once men and heroes; lovers left their sweethearts, putting by their fair, fond hopes, and sisters and daughters smiled through bitter, blinding tears as they bade farewell to brothers and to fathers.

They rushed from every avenue and rank in life, forsaking the comforts of their homes and their business interests. They were not moved by mercenary considerations. They sprang, with singleness of purpose, to the support of their country and its flag.

When Napoleon, in his first Italian campaign, had beaten one after another of the armies sent out against him, the Austrian government refused to recognize the Republic of France.

Said Napoleon: 'The French Republic needs no recognition. Its existence is as manifest as the sun in the heavens.' And, so, our volunteer armies need no eulogy from me, but I deem it a privilege and an honor to stand before you and offer, as a thought and a toast, the glorious deeds of our volunteer armies.

England asked why the war between the States was of such long duration. The answer was, 'Because now we are fighting Americans.'

But our volunteer soldiers were not men of war. They were men of peace, and they knew that, though the arts of peace are greater than the arts of war, there can be no peace except under a powerful sword, and, as they rushed with ardor to the battle-field, so their disbanding and returning to their homes in 1865, after Appomattox, was almost as wonderful as their deeds and prowess as soldiers. No more sublime example of the spirit and strength of our institutions can be offered than the orderly manner of the disbanding and returning to their usual pursuits of this great and victorious army of citizen soldiers.

What can we say of their bravery!

How often have we watched, with breaking hearts full of admiration, the courage of some dear, stricken one, who unflinchingly yields to the approach of the great king of terrors; but what shall we say of the courage of those to whom life is sweet and full of high hopes, who voluntarily go out to meet death, or worse than death, on battle-field or in the trench?

Often we hear it said that the joy of conflict made men brave; that the excitement of battle made them careless of danger; but what of the long days of weary marching and dreary waiting, of cold and hunger, of drill and picket duty? The theater of our war was almost as wide as the ocean. Our soldiers fought some times in forests; some times on prairies, or in swamps; under tropical heat, or in ice and snow; on the mountain tops above the clouds, or on the plains.

No soldiers ever had to contend with greater diversity of physical obstacles. The regular army, at the outbreak of the war, numbered only about 16,000 men, and this little army had to grow greatly to make up the grand total of over a million and a half of men who made up the Grand Army. Illinois

alone gave to the war between the states 250,000 men. The small regular army did what it could for the cause nobly and well, but it is to the volunteer soldiers that we owe the preservation of our country, and to them is due the fact that our government now exists as the fathers of the Republic bequeathed it to us.

At the beginning of the war these hosts of volunteers, brave but undisciplined, were some times an embarrassment to their commanders. They were green soldiers, who had never smelled powder; but at the close of the war the volunteer soldiers of the United States army were the best soldiers in the world. Officers and men alike had been trained and disciplined. There had been no army comparable to it since Napoleon's veterans. At the close of the war every officer in command represented nine others who had been stricken by disease, bullet or shell, or sent home disabled. How we bow low in reverence at the name of the great hero whose birth we to-day celebrate! His hand penned the great emancipation proclamation, but it was not the pen of Lincoln which actually dropped the shackles from the slave.

'The Proclamation,' says a great soldier, 'was the sentiment of a nation quickened into life by the mad havoc of war, and intensified into expression by the desperation of the conflict.'

Old John Brown wrote the Emancipation Proclamation, on the mountains of Virginia, before Lincoln dreamed of writing it with his pen. He wrote it in his blood, and 'His soul goes marching on.'

With all of Lincoln's simple courage and eloquence, and all the wisdom and brilliant oratory, in the Senate of the United States, of Charles Sumner and others of the giants of those days, it was the tramping of the boys in blue, with lines of steel, that saved the Union. 'When cannons speak, nations

think, and, amid the clash of great armies, they think great thoughts.'

The dead of great wars for conquest are forgotten, but the graves of those who die in wars for liberty are consecrated, and their fame can never die. Our soldier dead live on. They live in the National life they made possible; they live in the freedom of those whose shackles they unloosed, and they live in the songs and hymns of gratitude of their children's children. Madam Regent, the battle fields of the world are the mile-stones of human progress. Beneath every gravestone lies a portion of the world's history. The glory manifold of each great nation of the earth has come over the path of human sacrifice. For all the good which has been accomplished in this world there are fields baptized with some strong heart's best blood.

In all the battles from Bull Run to Appomattox; from Lookout Mountain, Mission Ridge, Stone River, Shiloh, Ringold, Reseca, Kenesaw Mountain, Seven Oaks, and countless others; from the Army of the Cumberland; of the Tennessee; of the Potomac, and the armies of the East, these battle-fields and these knightly soldiers call to us, their daughters and the heirs of the great works which they wrought, to honor their memory, and, still more than that, to honor, by every effort of our hearts and minds, the remnant of the Grand Army which still lingers with us, though aged and feeble of step, and rapidly passing over to join the great majority, but which it is still our privilege to see and know.

Madam Regent, I pledge the soldier of 1861-1865, our brave defenders by land and sea, the army and the navy, from the highest officer to the lowest private. One star may differ from another in magnitude, but they are all stars in our glorious constellation. I ask a blessing and a tear for all, living and dead, the Blue and the Gray. I beg a tear for

those brave men who gave their lives for the defense of their homes in the Southland. We honor the Southern army for that display of bravery, valor, and endurance which challenged the admiration of the whole world. I ask a tear for those who now lie under the pine and the fragrant magnolia, knowing not that they died for a 'lost cause,' and a pledge for those of the new South, who are now a part of the great America, our reunited country.

Madam Regent, 'The Soldier of the Sixties.'

Introducing Mrs. Bryan.

At a fair held in Washington, D. C., during the war for the Union, President Lincoln, being present, was called upon to speak. Paying high tribute to the work of the women in those days of trial, he closed with this sentiment: "God bless the American women." Were he living today he would doubtless give added emphasis to his words of appreciation, in view of the enlarged sphere of woman's activities, alike in education and philanthropy.

Mrs. William J. Bryan, a representative woman of the present day, will now address us, paying a tribute to "Mary Todd Lincoln."

Madam Regent and Daughters of the American Revolution:

The dominant characteristic of Mrs. Lincoln, as I see her, was her unswerving loyalty to her husband and to that for which he stood. Her relatives were Southerners. They naturally did not agree with him upon slavery.

Indeed, I am told by one of your number that her relatives always voted against Mr. Lincoln. One would think her own tendencies would lead her to a Southern, rather than a Northern view. But through all she was most faithful to his ideas.

I found a letter she once wrote to Charles

Sumner, and, with your permission, will read a sentence or two. This letter was written April 2, 1866, and says, in part:

'How much misfortune could be spared, as a nation, if our faithless and unscrupulous President entertained the same views as yourself and all other true patriots.

'Unfortunately, he is trying to ignore all the good that has been accomplished, and returning the slave to his bondage.

'The contemptible act of refusing the freedmen of Richmond the privilege of celebrating the anniversary of their freedom is but too sure an indication of his feelings toward the oppressed race. His wicked efforts will fail, and justice and liberty triumph.'

One sees the spicy side of her nature in her emphatic expressions, but the beauty of her faithfulness stands out with equal clearness.

And, after all, what is better than loyalty? If we learn this lesson from the life of Mrs. Lincoln; if we are loyal to our families, our neighbors, and our God, will we not have lived the best life possible?

Ladies, I give you this toast: 'To the worthy wife of a great man. A wife who was staunch and loyal and true. May the memory of her grow in sweetness with the growing years.'

Introducing Mrs. McLean:

We, the members of the Springfield Chapter, will ever hold this day in remembrance as the grandest day in our history as an organization. We rejoice that we are permitted to pay tribute to the memory of the greatest man of our city, state, or nation. We appreciate the presence of our beloved President General, Mrs. Donald McLean, who comes to us from her distant Eastern home, imbued with the spirit of the time, to add her tribute of praise

and appreciation to the memory and character of the immortal Lincoln. Mrs. McLean is a distinguished descendant of a long line of illustrious ancestors, occupying high judicial positions; she has, under the work accomplished during her administration, brought to a successful completion that magnificent National monument, in which this Chapter is greatly interested, 'Memorial Continental Hall.' Daughters, I am proud to present to you Mrs. Donald McLean, President General of the National Society, Daughters of the American Revolution.

My Dear Regent, our Distinguished Guests, and Daughters of the American Revolution:

Your President General is having such an experience. When I go out among my Daughters, I am usually accorded a certain amount of importance —I am the President General. But when I come to this Chapter, hearing the introduction of Mrs. Scott, I am but the President General, soon to be superseded. I can assure you it is a new experience, and a delightful one.

But I did not come here to vaunt my position. I came to be imbued, from my soul, upward and outward, with the marvelous inspiration of the life of Abraham Lincoln. When I think of those true and brilliant women, I am conscious of the great and magnificent function of womanhood, and my heart goes out to that little woman in Kentucky who, 100 years ago, gave birth to the saviour of a great country, and died before she knew what she had borne. Think, ladies, he came to her just as each of our own babes came to us, with no conception in her soul of the wonderful gift she had made the nation, and no need of such thought to fill her cup, because she is so glad of that man-child. But that is the maternal instinct that imbues us all.

Tonight, as I look around at my beautiful and

brilliant Daughters, and see the light of a never-failing loyalty, I feel that its beams have rekindled the faith in all our hearts. With the unfailing instinct and intuition of womanhood, we stand here to-night, the epitome, as it were, of the twentieth century.

And to-night I bring my laurel wreath to you, great Lincoln! I have heard you likened to the palm; I have heard your heart described as a heart at all times staunch and true; but I liken you to the great, ever-rolling sea—not the sea of the blue, glinting sunlight, but the dark sea; the sombre and sad, rolling sea, ever widening, ever sweeping down on a Godlike soul a tidal wave of human perfection, till it rise in all its majesty, and, rising, sweep o'er the whole universe!

At the State Arsenal.

At the conclusion of this address, all joined the male quartette in singing "My Old Kentucky Home," thus closing the informal, though most delightful, "feast of reason and flow of soul." The program was necessarily brief, that the Daughters and their guests might avail themselves of the opportunity of hearing the post-prandial speeches at the banquet of the gentlemen, at a later hour, at the State Arsenal. Positions of honor had been assigned the party in the balcony, from which vantage ground the splendid work of artists, in the decorations of the hall, could be seen in all its beauty and magnificence of display, as well as hearing the speeches of the distinguished gentlemen, who for the hour delighted the vast and brilliant audience with their splendid addresses and oratory. It was fitting that the delegation of Daughters of the American Revolution should rise, as they did, and wave their flags when the orchestra played the "Star Spangled Banner," and again when Senator Dolliver alluded

to their organization in the following complimentary terms:

There are two little groups of people whose coming into this chamber have touched my heart. One of them sits yonder in the balcony—the Daughters of the American Revolution. There is one thing about them that the public ought to understand. We are here, in our little way, trying to preserve and helping to perpetuate the memory of Abraham Lincoln; but Abraham Lincoln needs none of our help to make his memory immortal in the ages of the world. These women are doing a finer thing, even, than that. They are perpetuating the unknown heroism, the unrecorded service, of the men who, in the foundations of our institutions, gave their lives, with willing hearts, to the defense of public liberty. They do not ask, even, that a man should be regarded as a hero. If only he was willing for the sacrifice, it is their business to hand his name, however lowly, to other generations.

And yonder in the gallery sits a little group of veterans who, after all, made the services of Abraham Lincoln possible in the dark days of the Civil war. We have heard from the lips of the English ambassador that a great name, a great man, is the chief possession of a people, but there can be no great name, no great man, unless there is behind him a great cause and a great people.

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1908-1909

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